Singing of Psalms and spiritual Songs,
so long as we past on the way,
Till one that had a golden Crown;
met us, and caused me to stay;
Return, said he, from whence thou cam'st,
thy Mother for thee makes great moan,
And tell these things which I declare,
unto thy neighbours every one.
Speak this (quoth he) unto them all,
how that the Lord e're long will send
A grievous punishment to them
that daily do his will offend:
This is the last age of the world,
even the very sink of sin,
The puddle of iniquitie,
which you long time have wallowed in.
The Men and Wives live in discord,
the Father envies his own Son,
The rich, the poor, the old, the young,
do hourlie into mischief run:
Extortions and Idolatrie,
and hateful pride is now in use,
Blasphemous Oaths and Curses vile,
the people count as no abuse.
Gods Ministers are set at naught,
the Sabbath is prophan'd also,
The poor lies starving in the street,
oppress with sorrow grief and woe:
The loathsome sin of Drunkennesse,
and Whoredome doth too much exceed,
He that can do his Neighbor wrong,
doth think he doth a godly deed.
Now ponder therefore what I say,
Downs dreadful day is near at hand,
Wilde-fire and Brimstone shall destroy,
the Heaven, the Earth, the Sea, and Land,
And every Soul before the Lord
a just account he then shall give,
His Conscience shall a witnesse be
in what condition he did live.
Then he that hath done well, shall passe
forthwith to everlasting rest,
And live among those glorious Saints,
which Jesus Christ our Lord hath blest:
Where Martyrs, Prophets, & Patriarchs
do Halelujahs ever sing,
Glory and honour be to God,
and unto Christ our heavenlie King.
Then woe to them that have done ill,
when they shall hear the Sentence past;
Depart ye cursed into Hell,
whose fire for evermore shall last;
The sorrows that are here foretold,
will come on you ere it be long,
Except repentance trulie dwell,
in hearts of all both Old and Young.
Repentance and true watery eyes,
will help to quench the burning flame,
Which God hath kindled to consume,
this wicked worlds most rotten frame:
Let not your buildings all so brave
be burnt and wasted with Gods fire,
Nor let your souls for whom Christ dy'd,
be burnt in Hells eternal Fire.

Here endeth the Prophesie.

These Speeches spoke, the Maiden dy'd,
and came no more to life again,
Her Soul no doubt is gone to Heaven,
with glorious Angels to remain;
At her decease an harmony
of musick there was heard to sound;
which ravisht all the standers by,
it did with sweetnesse so abound.
It pierc'd the Earth, the Air also,
yet no man knew from whence it came;
But each one said it came from Heaven,
and presently upon the same,
The Magistrates of that same Parish,
which heard and saw this wonder strange,
Desir'd to have it put in Print, (change,
'cause wicked Men their wales might

The Names of the Masters of the Parish that saw the Maid on her death-bed, and heard the words of the Prophesie which she delivered, were as followeth. W. Wats Curate T. Davis, Head Cunstable, R. Wilkins, and C. Tanner, Church-wardens; who By the consent of divers others in the same Parish, which were in presence at the Damo'els Decease, caused a Letter to be written and sent from thence to London, on purpose to have it Printed, whereby to avoid all scandal. March 8. Contrived into Meeter by L. P.

London, Printed for J. Wright, at the Globe in Little-Brittain.